

A new group of trainers

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Summary: Takes place after the sequel. A boy from an island leave his home to find ways to help his tribe after getting pillaged by another tribe. On his journey he makes new friends and learns how to train dragons.

A new group of trainers

Chapter 1: The Dragon

This is Insel one of the many islands in the barbaric archipelago. The the of the Viking tribe that inhabit this tribe are the Smiths.

The reason we are called that is because we are basically smiths of all kinds blacksmith, glass smith, and silver smith.

We also other forms of craftsmanship besides smithing like tinkering and wood carving. This is how our tribe mainly makes profit to help sustain itself.

The attack was led by the right-hand man of their chief, Victor the Vile. He with an armada of 3000 Savage warriors.

At least that is how it used to anyway.

You're probably wondering what I mean by used to. Well you see until three days ago my tribe was victim to a great assault from another tribe called the Savages.

When they came to our island they destroyed almost everything. All our money and a large percentage of the village's livestock was stolen from us.

Almost everyone of our trained warriors were slayed. Our village has been left with practically nothing.

I guess it's about time that I introduced myself. I am Farnir Adele. I'm the nephew of our tribes chief Stergick the Strategic.

During the Savage assault my uncle lost his son. My cousin died at the hand Victor the Vile himself.

Since then my whole family has been put in a state of real grief. But because of all this I was officially named the heir to my tribe.

I'm not exactly what you would call a typical viking. First off I have next to no upper body strength. Second my main weapons of choice are knives and crossovers.

Although, I'm able to make a lot of well-designed traps and catch lots of food.

Lastly, I am highly fascinated with dragons. This one is odd because most vikings tend to dislike dragons since they raid their livestock and burn buildings.

There was just something about dragons that really got in my head. My particular favorite class was the strike. Their stealth, speed, and accuracy was very fascinating.

But enough about my fascination with dragons let's get on with the story.

* * *

><p>(Insel.)<p>

I was packing up my stuff to get ready for my departure. I just hoped my family will be okay when I got back whenever that was.

It's not like I was abandoning them, it's actually quite the opposite of that.

Since our village has been left with almost nothing. So I figured as the future chief I would do my best to help it any way I could.

A couple of days ago I decided that I would go out and explore the rest of the archipelago and search for a way to help my village rebuild itself.

Plus I won't deny I would really like travel because I have really been off the island.

I was about to place my jars of drinking water in my barrel with my two large satchels of food on my bed when someone behind me said, "Where do you think you're going?"

I turned around to see Thuggory, the chief's younger brother and my dad.

"Well I'm just going to go on a hike." I said.

He didn't look convinced. "With enough food and water to last you weeks?"

My dad wasn't that easy to fool. It was almost impossible for me to

do anything behind his back.

So ,even though he would probably refuse to let it happen, I decided to tell him the truth.

"I'm leaving dad."

He stood there with his jaw open. "What!? But you're the new heir to the Smith tribe. You can't just abandon your people."

I sighed, "I know dad! But I'm not abandoning them, I'm trying to find a way to help them."

"What do you mean? How could you possibly be able helping them by leaving them?"

"Well I thought that if I searched the rest of the archipelago I might be able to find a way to help the tribe."

"Think about it dad. After what the Savages did to us we have been left with practically nothing."

His anger seemed to be fading. "But son, the village needs you. Now you're cousin is dead you are only hope for the future that we have left."

"Think about how your uncle, mother, and I would feel if you left us all."

That statement really got me thinking. My family would be devastated if I left or worse died. Was it really going to end like that if I went through with this.

Then I remembered the reason why I was doing all of this. "Look dad I promise I won't be gone for a while. I'll be gone for a couple of weeks or months. I promise that I'll return as soon as I find something that will help us get this village back in shape."

My dad sighed, "What exactly makes you think that you actually think that you will survive out there all on your own."

I thought for a while before speaking, "Well it's not like it's the first time I have ever been out on my own. Plus I have been learned which island in the archipelago are hostile and which aren't."

He still seemed very hesitant. Why wouldn't he be?

Just a few days ago he had lost his nephew and he might be loosing someone more important, his own son. No father wanted to loose their son.

Still here was his son, the future heir of the tribe, trying to go out into the world alone in order to help his people get back on their feet.

That should be enough to make any father proud.

As my father kept thinking about it I could see on his face that I would most likely get through to him.

He face palmed and then sighed in defeat. "Alright, but make absolutely sure that you are safe. And also we need to tell your mother and uncle before you leave."

I smiled happily figuring that this might all go well after all.

* * *

><p>Later we told my mom and uncle about my journey to help the tribe. Though they were against it at first me and my dad managed to convince them.<p>

Now here placing all my stuff on a large row boat three times the size docked at the island harbour. The reason it was bigger than most boats was because it would help me carry my tools, food, water, and crossbow.

After I had placed everything in my boat I got in and untied it from the railing. As I checked out my out and felt like I could most likely make it.

I checked my map for the nearest non hostile island. It looked like nearest one was Berk home of the Hairy Hooligan tribe. If I recalled correctly Berk was one of our best allies. Their chief Stoick the Vast was good friend of my uncle and father.

They should be more than happy to help us. "Welp, Berk it is then."

After I put the map away and brought out my compass to help with navigation I started rowing straight to Berk.

It's a good thing that I brought a lot of food and water because in this row boat the trip should take at two days.

"This could actually work out." I said to myself feeling confident.

But just as I said that it started to storm. "This could have gone better."

"I hope I don't get struck by lightning." I stated as lightning started to appear.

'This is bad.' I thought to myself.

Then out of the cloud that was producing the most lightning a startling thunderous roar was emitted. I looked at that cloud with mixture of fear and fascination.

What on earth could that be.

While I was contemplating on what could be making that sound I started to hear shouting with a loud snap and then a splash from a far way away. Though it was very hard to see through all this rain.

After a while the roaring stopped. As started to wonder again what had made that sound I felt a large bump in front of the ship.

I turned around to see I had hit and saw a huge boat.

The shouting was closer than ever now. Out of curiosity I climbed up to see what was going on. I brought one of my food satchels and a large jar of water.

When I got on I snuck behind the large sail pole(thank goodness it was large enough to hide behind).

I took a look behind the pole to see who was on the ship. I saw three large Vikings talking to each other.

The one in the middle appeared to be the ship's captain.

He was a large man with green eyes and a well trimmed beard. He was wearing brown pants and a large black wool hooded cloak to protect him from the rain.

I started listening to their conversation. The fact that it had stopped raining made it a lot easier to hear their conversation.

"Well fellas it looks our luck has finally taken a turn for the better." The captain said to one of his men.

"But sir the only person that actually buys these beasts from us is now dead."

"How are we going we going to get anyone to buy one of these Captain Gregory?" The viking on his left asked him.

Gregory shrugged before speaking. "It's true that now that our employer has been taken out there is almost nobody out there that will want to buy these beast. Now we have reduced to trapping mere forest animals for profit.

Let's face it, since there isn't much profit in that we aren't as wealthy as we were before."

Then the one right asked. "So how are we going to get anyone to buy it."

"If I am on this one's species then I think there is a chieftain that will be to pay us a lot of good money for the beast. When he pays us why we'll be richer than we ever were before.

We could start our own tribe and I'll live the rest of my days with the luxuries of the chief and you guys can be my personal soldiers."

His men took a step back with looks of both astonishment and excitement.

"Do you really that will happen sir." The one on the left asked excitedly.

"Yes I do."

At that moment another man cloaked in a brown coat came out of one of the nearby hatches and walked the man called Gregory.

"Sir the beast is all set and ready to take to the island." He said to Gregory.

Gregory smiled. "Excellent!"

"I still can't believe we found this beast, much less that we managed to capture it since everyone has said how elusive and hard to catch these things are." The brown cloaked man said to Gregory.

Gregory smiled smugly. "Yes no beast gets away from Gregory the Greedy the greatest trapped the world has ever seen. When there is something I want I take it. I'm certainty much better than that pretty boy idiot Eret. Once we sell it we'll be richer than he ever was."

"You truly are the greatest sir." One of his men said.

I saw Gregory start to walk towards one of the other hatches and I quickly ducked my head back behind the pole so they would not see me.

Then I heard him stop and said. "Alright our destination will take at least three days. So everyone head in for the night."

After that he walked into the hatches towards his room. The other three men followed after and I finally came out from behind the pole.

I saw that the hatch from earlier was still open. That guy must forgotten to close.

So I decided to go go down there and check out this beast.

It wasn't a very long way down. As I got down I saw flashes of light and heard growling.

When I got down there I saw that covered in a net and tied in ropes and bolas was a_ Dragon.

Not just any dragon apparently if I'm right and I'm pretty sure I am. I've never seen one in real life but I had seen bunch of pictures to know what it is was.

The large spike that run down its spine, the head that looked similar to a thunderdrum, the silver scales with purple crest, and the blue sparks that were emitted from it's body.

This was one of the rarest and most powerful dragons in existence. It was a skril.

End
file.